

M.^{rs} Minto as Hermione.



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burns worse than tears drown:*

Act 2.^d Scene 1.st

Printed by J. Harrison & Co. 17, 79.

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Shakspeare (W) *117/2. 9. 3*

T H E

WINTER'S TALE.

A

T R A G E D Y.

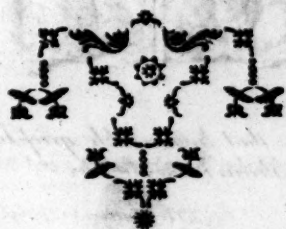
As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By S H A K E S P E A R E.



L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXIX.

WINTER'S TALE.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LEONTES.

POLIXENES.

MAMILLUS.

FLORIZEL.

CAMILLO.

ANTIGONUS.

CLEOMINES.

DION.

ARCHIDAMUS.

ROGERS.

Old SHEPHERD.

Clown.

MARINER.

Servant to Old Shepherd.

AUTOLICUS.

TIME.

W O M E N.

HERMIONE.

PERDITA.

PAULINA.

EMILIA.

MOPSA.

DORCAS.

Gaoler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.

SCENE, partly in SICILIA, and partly in BITHYNIA.

The Plot taken from the old Story-book of DORASTUS and FAUNIA.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

A C T I.

S C E N E, a Palace.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bithynia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bithynia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bithynia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bithynia; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea; and embraced as it were from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!

Cam. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden; time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks, And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply With one we thank you, many thousands more That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks, awhile, And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow: I'm question'd by my fears of what may chance, Or breed upon our absence: Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in I'll no gain-saying. [that

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so; There is no tongue that moves, none, i'th' world, So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, altho' 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs Do even drag me homeward.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. You, Sir, charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure

All in Bithynia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. When at Bithynia

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him there a month, behind the gest Prefix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, Leontes; I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind What lady she her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?

You shall not go: a lady's verily is As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet? Force me to keep you as a prisoner, Not like a guest? How say you? My prisoner? or my guest? By your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam: To be your prisoner, should import offending; Which is for me less easy to commit, Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then, But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys: You were pretty lordings, then?

Pol. We were, fair queen, Two lads, that thought there was no more behind, But such a day to-morrow as to-day, And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,

And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd, Was innocence for innocence; we knew not The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd That any did.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not: Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't

I pr'ythee tell me;
One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages.
But once before I spake to th' purpose! when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when [death,
Three crabbed months had fow'd themselves to
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then did'st thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. Why lo you now; I've spoke to th' purpose
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; [twice!
Th' other, for some while, a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot— [Aside.
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me—my heart dances;
But not for joy—not joy—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well becomes the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass—

Oh, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.
You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray it's folly!
It's tenderness! and make itself a pastime,
To harder bosoms! looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself again,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite it's master.

—My good brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childfiness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire
Off'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome.
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap;
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own beats dispose you.
I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not how I give line,
Go to, go to. [Aside, observing Her.
How she holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife,

[Exeunt Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent

Leo. Mam. and Cam.

To her allowing husband. Gone, already! [one.
Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
Go play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play—
What! Is Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillus—thou'rt an honest man!

[Ex. Mamil.

—Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;
His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me, already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last. How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the queen's be't; good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks? not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures! lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bithynia stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I've trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the things nearest my heart, as well
My chamber counsels, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord.

Leo. Thou art not honest; or,
Thou art a coward,
Or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass.

Leo. Ha! not you seen Camillo?

Or thought my wife is slippery? if thou wilt, confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken; 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?

Is leaning cheek to cheek? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible
Of breaking honesty?

Skulking in corners? 'wishing clocks more swift?
Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs;
Is this nothing?

Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing, Bithynia nothing,
My wife is nothing;

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bithynia; who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bear eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
They would do that
Which should undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may 'st see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress.

Leo. Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Give scandal to the blood o'th' prince, my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off Bithynia for't:
Provided that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear,
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bithynia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord. [Exit.
O miserable lady! but for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brags, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. Happy star, reign now!
—Here comes Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak!—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir.

Pol. What is the news 'th' court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?

Good Camillo,

Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine changed too.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm,
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near:
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my coun-
Which must be e'en as swiftly follow'd, as [fel,
I mean to utter it; or both yourself, and me
Cry lost; and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what? [swears,

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
That you have touch'd his queen forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the best.

Cam. Swear this thought over
By each particular star in heav'n, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born,
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away, to-night;
Your followers I will whisper to the business,
And will by two's, and three's, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

Cam. My authority commands
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness,
To take the urgent hour.

Pol. I go, Camillo.

Good expedition be our friend, and comfort
The gracious innocent queen's! [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE continues.

Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies discovered.

Her. TAKE the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say, Become some women best, so they be.

In a semicircle cut,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock.

1 Lady. Hark ye,

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince, One of these days, and then you'll wanton with us, If we would have you.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, I am for you again. Pray you sit by us, [now And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter; I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down, and do your best, [it. To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at

Mam. There was a man——

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it softly. You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: I eyed them even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion! Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd In being so blest! there may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart, And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge Is not infected: but if one present Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider. Camillo was his help in this, his pandar: There is a plot against my life, my crown; All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him. —How came the posterns so easily open?

Lord. By his great authority, Which often hath no less prevail'd than so, On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.

Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurse him: Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her.—— [Mamillius taken off.

You, my lords, Look on her, mark her well; be but about To say she is a goodly lady, and The justice of your hearts will thereto add, 'Tis pity she's not honest; but be't known, From him that has most cause to grieve it should be, She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world, He were as much more villain: you, my lord, Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady, Polixenes for Leontes. I have said She's an adulteress; I have said with whom: More; she's a traitor; aye, and privy To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life, Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus have publish'd me? gentle my lord, You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake In these foundations which I build upon, The center is not big enough to bear A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns; I must be patient, till the heavens look With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords, I am not prone to weeping, as our sex Commonly are, the want of which vain dew Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords, With thoughts so qualified as your charities Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so The king's will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Beseech your highness My women may be with me; for you know My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools, There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears: This action, I now go on, Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord, I never wish'd to see you forry; now I trust I shall.—My women come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exit Hermione, &c.

Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer, Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord, I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir, Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless, I th' eyes of heav'n, and to you; I mean, In this which you accuse her.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: You are abus'd by some putter-on, That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain!

Leo. What! lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord, Upon this ground; and more it would content me, To have her honour true, than your suspicion; Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we Commune with you for this? Camillo's flight Added to their familiarity, (Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture) Doth push on this proceeding;

Yet, for a greater confirmation, I have dispatch'd in post, To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomines and Dion, whom you know Of try'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had, Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more,

THE WINTER'S TALE

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Than what I know; yet shall the oracle
Give rest to th' minds of others.

SCENE, a Prison.

Enter Paulina and a Gentleman.

Pau. The keeper of the prison, call to him:

Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison! now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

[Re-enter Gentleman with the Gaoler.]

Gao. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gao. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do to lock up honesty and honour,
from

Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gao. So please you, Madam, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Pau. I pray you, now, call her.

Gao. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Pau. Well; be it so, prythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such a-do to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn,
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn.

These dangerous, unsafe luns I th' king, beshrew
He must be told of it, and shall; the office [them]
Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me;
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate, to th' loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' th' child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy Madman,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Left she should be deny'd.

Pau. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.
I'll to the queen: please you come something nearer.

Gao. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. *[Exit.]*

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness,
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness.
Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest! to-night; 'tis hop'd
His sickness is d'scharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me; go,
See how he fares. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow?

Enter Paulina with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter.

Pau. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept, to-night; com-
None should come at him. *[Manded]*

Pau. Not so hot, good Sir,
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings; such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words medicinal as true;
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference,
About some gossip for your highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What! can't not rule her?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo' you now, you hear,
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come—
And I beseech you hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen?

Pau. Good queen, my lord?
Good queen, I say, good queen.
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first, I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.]

Leo. Hence with her out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Pau. Not so,
I am as ignorant in that as you,
In so intir'ling me; and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors! —
Will you not push her out? give her the bastard,
[To Antigonus.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd; unrooted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say, give't to thy croan.

Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leo. This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it.

Pau. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, his smiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him in feature, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest the suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.
I'll ha' thee burnt.

Pau. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen,
(Not able to produce more accusation,
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something sa-
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you; [yours
Yes, scandalous to all the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Pau. I pray you do not drag me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit. What need these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell, we are gone. [Exit.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this?
My child? away with't. Even thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire. [you

Ant. We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech

So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
It shall not neither—You Sir, come you hither;
[To Antigonus.

You that have been so tenderly officious,
What will you adventure to save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; seest thou? for the fall
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it
To it's own protection, and favour of the climate.
Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: tho' a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require: and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss.

[Exit with the Child.

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come,
An hour since. Cleomines and Dion
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. This good speed foretels
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear.—Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E, Sicily.

Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione as to her Trial,
with Paulina and Ladies, discovered.

Leo. THIS sessions, to our great grief, we pro-
nounce

E'en pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,

Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and
arraigned of high-treason, in committing adultery
with Polixenes king of Bithynia, and conspiring
with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign
lord the king, thy royal husband; the pretence
whereof being by circumstances partly laid open,
thou Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance
of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them for
their better safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
Testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne: a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter, so uncourteous I
Have strain'd to appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my nearest of kin
Cry fy upon my grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me,
Both disobedience and ingratitude, [*spoke,*
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have undertaken to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Thy actions are my dreams.

But thou shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug-bear you would fright me with, I seek:
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
The first fruits of affection, from his presence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
(The innocent milk in it's most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet. Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got strength of limbs. And now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? therefore proceed;
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father;
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of
That you, Cleomines and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. and Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous
tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the
king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost
be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo.

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read the truth?

Off. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' oracle;
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king.

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir,

The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is dead.

Leo. How! dead?

Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[*Hermione faints.*]

Pau. This news is mortal to the queen: look
And see what death is doing.

[*down,*]

Leo. Take her hence;

B

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover,
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon

My great prophaneness 'gainst thine oracle.

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen; recal the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.

For being transported by my jealousies;

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes; which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command. O how he glitters,

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

[*Enter Paulina.*]

Pau. Woe the whites:

Cut, cut my face, left my heart, cracking it,
Break too.

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires?

What old or newer torture,

Must I receive? whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst. Thy tyranny

Together working with thy jealousies,

O think what they have done,

And then run mad indeed. O lords,

When I have said, cry woe, the queen, the queen,

The gracious, innocent queen is dead; and ven-

Not dropt down yet. [*geance*]

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: I'll swear't: if word or oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O, thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more:

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault,
I th' boldness of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't.

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd [*help.*]
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past
Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction,
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,

When most the truth; which I receive much better,
Than to be pleas'd of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son;
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear unto

Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these my sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

*Changes to Bithynia. A desert Country; the Sea at
a little distance.*

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd
The desarts of Bithynia? [*upon*

Mar. Aye, my lord, and fear

We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done; get thee aboard,
Look to thy barque, I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away,
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart,
To be so rid o'th' business. [*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe;

I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me, last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,

So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, the did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes

Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good Antigonus,

Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out

Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bithynia,

There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita

I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see

Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,

Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe

Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue

Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth

Of it's right father.—Blossom, speed thee well,
[*Laying down the child.*]

There lie, and there thy character: there these,
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty one,

And still rest thine. [*Thunder.*] The storm begins;
poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd,
To loss, and what may follow! Weep I cannot,

But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I:
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel.

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heav'ns so dim by day. [*Horns sound.*] A savage
clamour!

Well may I get aboard! this is the chace—
I am gone for ever.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between fourteen and four and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between, but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—*[Horns again.]* Hark you, now—would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? *[Taking up the Child.]* Mercy on't, a bearne! a very pretty bearne! a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one; a very pretty one; sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clow. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: What ail'st thou, man?

Clow. I have seen two such sights, by sea and land; but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; between the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clow. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clow. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these fights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.—But look thee here, boy. Now blest thy self; thou meet'st with things dying. I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me I should be rich, by the fairies. This is some changeling; open't; what's within, boy?

Clow. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but

when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clow. Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, the Chorus, with his scythe and glass.
Time. I That please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that mask and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power,
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour,
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it; your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving,
(Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself) imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that ye now may be
In fair Bithynia, and remember well,
I mention here a son o'th' king's, whom Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace,
Equal with wond'ring. What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time; of this allow,
And grant to Time your free indulgence now;
Time, who doth all for you; on whom depend
Your hopes and fears, your chiefest foe or friend,
As he is us'd; if well, he on his wings,
Delicious transport to the lover brings;
Comforts the mourner, sets the captive free,
And to the bard gives immortality.
Think well on this; grant then what Time requires,
So may Time grant each honest heart's desires. *[Exit.]*

Court of Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the test of thy services, by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the

remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king my brother, whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear the angel that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo, we must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Country.

Enter Autolichus singing.

When daffodils begin to peere,

With bey the doxy over the dale,

Why then comes in the sweet o'th' year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With bey the sweet birds, O how they sing:

Doth set my prugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark that tirra lyra chaunts,

With bey, with bey, the thrush and the jay:

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service. My traffic is sheets. My father nam'd me Autolichus, who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every eleven weather tods, every rod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace—dates—honey—that's out of my note: nutmegs, levers; a race or two of ginger; but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Crawling on the ground.*]

Clo. P'th' name of me—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death.

Clo. Alack, poor foul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly; oh!

Clo. Alas, good foul.

Aut. O good Sir; softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee. [*Clown shows a purse, and puts it up—Autolichus steals it.*]

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will not abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife, within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue; some call him Autolichus.

Clo. Out upon him, pig! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into his apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bithynia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart, that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do, now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing, too; if I make not this

cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

*Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

[Exit.

Florizel and Perdita discovered.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of Does give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora, [you Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O pardon that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause;
To me the difference forges dread, your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he say! or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my wishes
Burn hotter than my faith.
But, dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts I pry'thee, darken not
The mirth o'th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. To this I am most constant,
Tho' destiny say no. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants,
with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now
here

At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [To Pol. and Cam.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'th' day: you're welcome, Sirs.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep [Sirs,
Seeming and favour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair-one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilliflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer; and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January,
Would blow you through and through. Now, my
fairest friends,

I would I had some flowers o'th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-blushes glowing. O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength. O these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd, [it,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress; marry, gar-
lick to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners, come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this, whose happy hand is to your daughter's link'd?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and he boasts himself to have a worthy feeding; but I have it [self] Upon his own report, and I believe it. He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter, I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon Upon the water, as he'll stand and read As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain, I think there is not half a kifs to chuse, Who loves another best. If young Doricles Do marry with her, she shall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grow to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids, with such delicate burthens! jump her and thump her: and where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, Whoop, do me no harm, good man; put him off, slights him, with Whoop, do me no harm, good man.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbands of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bithynia can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross; incles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns; why he sings 'em over, as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

*Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber.
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and peaking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from bead to beel.*

*Come buy of me: come buy, come buy;
Buy lads, or else your lasses cry.*

Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthral'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbands and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be livers.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you;

may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? is their not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here, ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and roads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't; one mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witness more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves, my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both.—Pedlar, let's have the first choice—follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

S O N G.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,

Of the newest, and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar, money's a medlar,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Ex. Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

Pol. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them. He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd;

Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont

To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,

And nothing marted with him. If your last

Interpretation should abuse, and call this

Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited

For a reply, at least, if you make a care

Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe, my life,
Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before!—I've put you out;
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't?

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'n's and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth,
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Step. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Step. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should chuse himself a wife, but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prythee, let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Step. Let him, my son, he shall not need to
As knowing of thy choice.

[grieve,

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base,
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! thou old traitor,
I'm sorry that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—
I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession.
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee,
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.

[Exit.

Per. Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but both
Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, Sir, be gone.

[To Florizel.

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, father?

Speak ere thou die'st.

Step. I cannot speak, nor think.

—O Sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—Oh, cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on, for plucking back.

Cam. My lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I fear;
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.—

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks!
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow! Not for Bithynia, nor the pomp that may Be thereout glean'd; for all the sun sees, or The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath, To this my fair below'd; therefore, I pray you, As you have ever been my father's friend, When he shall miss me, Thus much deliver, I am put to sea With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore; And most opportune to our need, I have A vessel rides fast by.

Cam. O my lord, I would your spirit were easier for advice, Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita, — [*Drawing her aside.*]
I'll hear you, by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable, Resolv'd for flight; now were I happy, if His going I could frame to serve my turn; Save him from danger, do him love and honour, Purchase the fight again of dear Sicilia, And that unhappy king, my master, whom I so much thirst to see. [*Aside.*]

Flo. Now, good Camillo —

Cam. Have you thought on A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me. This follows, if you will not change your purpose, But undergo this flight; make for Sicilia, And there present yourself, and your fair princess, (For so I see she must be) 'fore Leontes; She shall be habit as it becomes The partner of your bed. Methinks I see Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness, As 'twere i'th' father's person.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall I Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father To greet him, and to give him comforts.

Flo. Yet, Camillo, Preferrer of my father, now of me; The medicine of our house! how shall we do? We are not furnish'd like Bithynia's son, Nor shall appear in Sicily —

Cam. My lord, Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes Do all lie there; it shall be my care To have you royally appointed. For instance, Sir, That you may know you shall not want; one word, [*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribband, glass, pomander, broche, table-hook, bal-lad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from fastning; they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hal-lowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wench's song, that he would not stir his petticoats, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old

man come in, with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and fear'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes —

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Flo. But how to ship-board get, undescry'd?

Cam. Indeed, that asks invention. — Who have we here? [*Seeing Autolycus.*]

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why hanging —

Cam. How chance oft hits the mark, when wisdom fails!

Now, my best lord, if you dare trust your course, Intirely to my skill —

Flo. You are our pilot.

Cam. Enough. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? fear not, man, here's no harm intended thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir?

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will take that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange. Therefore retire with us to the next covert, and change garments with this gentleman, (thou must think there's necessity in it) and tho' the bargain on his side be the worst, yet thou shalt have gold to boot.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir?

I know the trick on't.

[*Aside.*]

Cam. There's earnest to prove it.

[*Gives him a purse.*]

The business dispatched, thou shalt have as much

Flo. I partly guess your drift.

[*more.*]

Cam. You must exchange

Your costly garment for this rustic's rag.

You, my sweet lady, take your lover's hat, And shepherd's habit, so shall we deceive Each prying eye, till we are safe aboard.

Per. Alack, the shame on't, that a lowly maid Should to such peril, and unworthy shifts, Reduce your greatness!

Flo. Sweetest Perdita,

Fear not, but list my words. [*He takes her aside.*]

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king,

[*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:

Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,

To force him after; in whose company

I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Is she won yet?

Per. I see the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. Set on, and fortune speed our course. —

Come, fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a thick Wood.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Cl. See, see; what a man you are now, there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Shew those secret things you found about her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no ho-

nest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know not how much an ounce.

Shep. Well, pray heaven the king be at the palace!

Clo. Where should he be? Where should a man vent his grief and cholery, but in his own house? They are sorry companions to go abroad with. La! la! You do fill yourself so full of fears and vagaries! Pray you mark further.

Enter Autolycus in Florizel's rich dress.

Aut. Yes, yes, I understand the business. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had there been without boot? and what a boot is here without this exchange? [*Shewing the purse.*] Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do it; but I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.—Here's matter for a hot brain! [*Seeing the Shepherd and Clown.*] Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, and hanging, yields a careful man work.

Shep. Well, let us to the king then. There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. How now, rusticks, whither are ye bound?

Shep. To the palace, an't like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Shep. Are you are a courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? reflect I not thy baseness court-contempt? I am courtier *cap-a-pee*; and one that will either push on, or push back, thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the king.

Aut. The fardel there; what's i'th' fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king, and which he shall know, within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy and air himself; for if thou be't capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman. An old sheep-whistling rogue, draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man'er a son, Sir; do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be slay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead. But what talk we of these traitorly-rascals. Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king; I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand; and no more ado. Remember thou'd and slay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Aut. You'll give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you; follow me toward the seaside.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest'sd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious, for I am proof against that tide, and what shame else belongs to't. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, and Paulina.

Cleom. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A faint-like sorrow; no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass. At the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and Destroy'd the sweetest companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord. If one by one you wedded all the world, Or from them all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so.—Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good,
Say so but seldom. [now,

Clea. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things that wou'd
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone; besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
The king *Liontes* shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour; O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, even now
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit
Again possess her corse, and on this stage
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vest;
And begin, Why to me?

Pau. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars;
And all eyes else, dead coals. Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave!

Leo. Never, Paulina, so be bless'd my spirit.

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his

Clea. You tempt him over much. [oath.

Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Clea. Good Madam, pray, have done.

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a queen: she shall be such,
As walk'd your first queen's ghost; it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives himself out Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his prince's, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but fore'd
By need and accident. What train?

Ser. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His prince's, say you, with him?

Ser. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I
That e'er the sun shone bright on. [think,

Pau. Oh, *Hermione*,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme. [To the Serv.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Yourself (assisted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [Exit Cle.

Pau. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee no more; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of.
They are come.

*Enter Florizel, Perdita in rich attire, Cleomines,
and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince.
Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair prince's: Goddesses, oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing misery) I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king and friend
Can send his brother.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me. Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth.
The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here. What might I have been!
Might a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bithynia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bithynia*? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.

I speak amazedly, and it becomes

My marvel, and my message: to your court
Whilst he was hasting, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;

He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, Sir; I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
For swear themselves as often as they speak:

Bithynia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!

The heav'n which sets spies on us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the vallies first.

Leo. My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,

When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Beseech you, Sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Wou'd he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
Which he counts but a trifle. [trifles,

Paul. Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
Than what you look on now. [gazes,

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
Is yet unanswered; I will to your father; [To Flo.
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.

Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this
relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he
found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness, we
were all commanded out of the chamber; only this,
methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the
child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;
but the changes I perceived in the king and Cam-
millo, were very notes of admiration; they seemed
almost, with staring on one another, to tear the
cases of their eyes. There was speech in their
dumbness, language in their very gesture; they
look'd as if they had heard of a world ransom'd, or
one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd
in them.

Enter Camillo.

Here comes the lord Camillo, he can deliver you
more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is
call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of
it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

Cam. Most true, if ever truth was pregnant by
circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear
you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The
mantle of queen Hermione; her jewel about the
neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it,
which they know to be his character; the majesty
of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the
affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her
breeding; and many other evidences, proclaim her
with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did
you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

Cam. Then have you lost a sight, which was to
be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you
have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such
manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave
of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was
casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with coun-
tenance of such distraction, that they were to be
known by garment, not by favour. Our king be-
ing ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his
found daughter, as if that joy were now become a
loss, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then
asks Bithynia forgiveness; then embraces his son-
in-law; then again worries he his daughter with
clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd,
who stands by like a weather-beaten conduit of
many kings reigns. I never heard of such another
encounter, which James report to follow it, and
undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus,
that carry'd hence the child?

Cam. Like an old tale still: he was torn to pieces
with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who
has not only his innocence, which seems much to
justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his,
that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his barque, and his fol-
lowers?

Cam. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's
death, and in the view of the shepherd; so that all
the instruments which aided to expose the child,
were even then lost, when it was found. But oh,
the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was
fought in Paulina. She had one eye declin'd for
the loss of her husband, another elevated that the
oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the princess from
the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she
would pin her to her heart, that she might no more
be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the
audience of kings and princes, for by such was it
acted.

Cam. One of the prettiest touches of all, and
that which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the
relation of the queen's death, with the manner how
she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by
the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter,
till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did,
with an Alas! I would fain say, bleed tears; for I
am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most
marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all
sorrowed. If all the world could have seen't, the
woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Cam. No. The princess, hearing of her mother's
statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a piece
many years in doing, and now newly perform'd,

thither with all greediness of affection are they gone.

Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Cam. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants. A Pedestal in the Centre of the Scene; a Curtain before it.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, sovereign Sir, I did not well, I meant well; all my services You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted, Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina, We honour you with troubles; but we came To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content, In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Pau. As the liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say, 'tis well!

[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shews off Your wonder; but yet speak—First you, my liege; Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture! Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender As infancy and grace. Oh, thus she stood;

Even with such life of majesty, warm life, As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her. I am ashamed; does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it? Oh, royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave, And do not say 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing. Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Pau. O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry; scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, Let him that was the cause of this, have power To take off so much grief from you, as he

Will piece up in himself.

Pau. Indeed, my lord, If I had thought the sight of my poor image, Would thus have wrought you, I'd not have shew'd you it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your May think, anon, it move. [fancy]

Leo. Let be, let be?

Would I were dead, but that methinks already— What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those Did verily bear blood? [veins]

Pol. Matterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixture of her eye has motion in't, As we were mock'd with art.

Pau. I'll draw the curtain. My lord's almost so far transported, that He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina, Make me to think so twenty years together: No settled senses of the world can match The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

Pau. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Do, Paulina; For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her. What fine chissel Could ever yet cut breath! Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my lord, forbear; The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; You'll mar it, if you kiss it. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I Stand by a looker-on.

Pau. Either forbear, Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you For more amazement; if you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed; descend, And take you by the hand; but then you'll think, Which I protest against, I am assisted By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do, I am content to look on; what to speak, I am content to hear: for 'tis as easy To make her speak, as move.

Pau. It is requir'd You do awake your faith, then all stand still: And those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed; No foot shall stir.

Pau. Music, awake her; strike. [Music.] 'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach, Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come; Nay, come away. [Hermione comes down.] Start not; her actions shall be holy, as You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her, Until you see her die again, for then You kill her double.

Leo. Oh, she's warm! [Embracing her.] If this be magic, let it be an art Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck; If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pau. That she is living, Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
—Please you to interpose, fair Madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces,
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
Thy father's court? [found

Pau. There's time enough for that;
Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an aged turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina,
Thou must partake our bliss. Be a king's gratitude
A holy charm to witch inquietude,
From all thy hours to come—My royal brother,
Join here with me—and my redeem'd Hermione,
(O! how those eyes reproach me!) pardon, pardon,
That e'er I put between your holy looks,
My ill suspicions! join with us to bless
These comforts of our age.

[Florizel and Perdita kneel,

Pol. Deign, gracious Heaven,
To ratify this benediction, given
By our imperial breath.

Leo. Stand forth, Hermione,
A shining proof that innocence can bear
Affliction's sharpest tortures, unimpair'd;
And from the trial to the wond'ring fight,
Come forth more pure, more amiably bright.

[Exeunt omnes.]

